

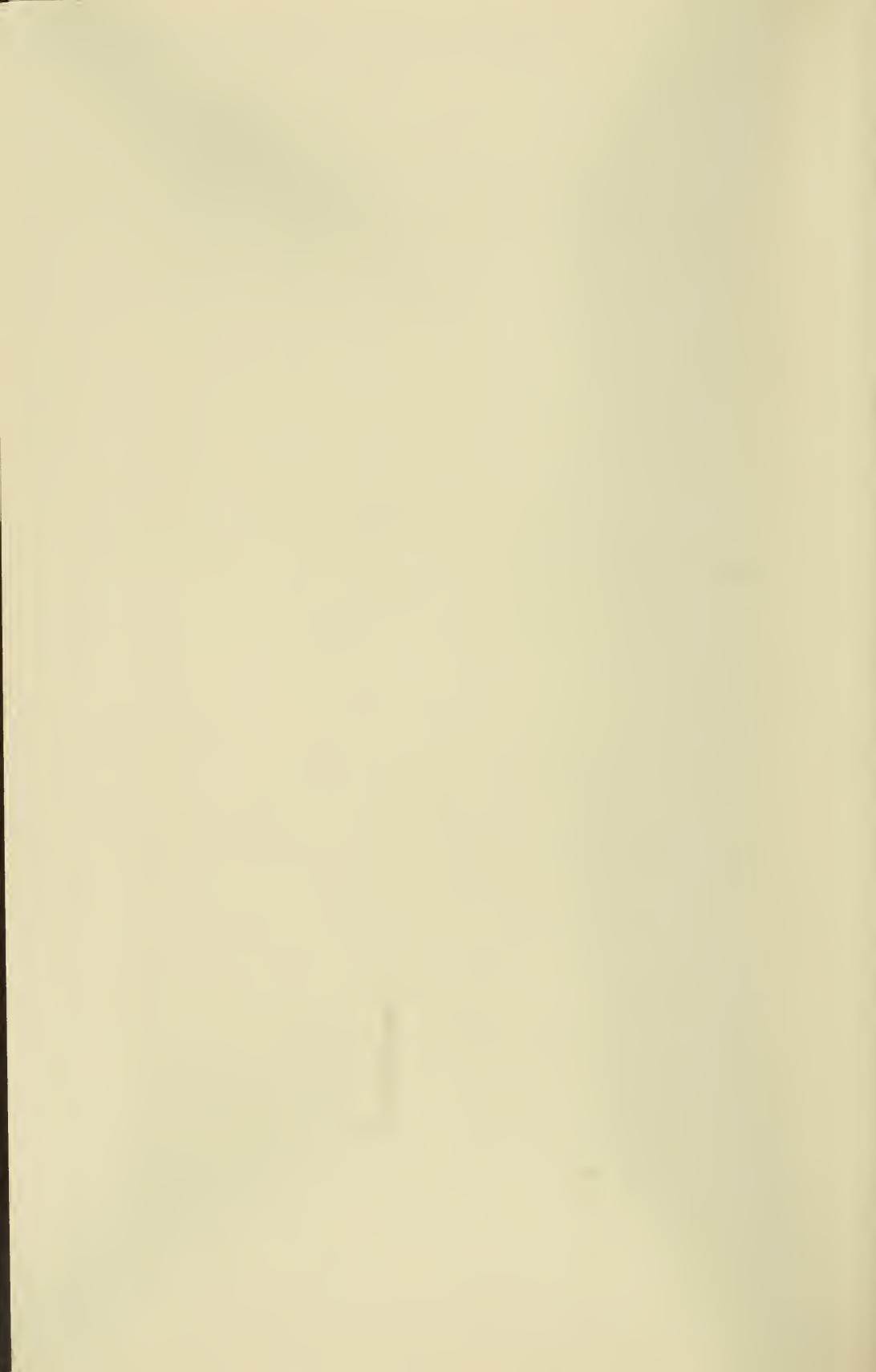


IVY LEAVES

FALL 1966

Anderson College

D.M.



IVY LEAVES

VOL. III FALL - WINTER, 1966 NO. 6

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The Cover

Gray—a blend of black and white, the presence and absence of all colors, depicts the approach of winter and its dullness. The rusty-red flashes out unmistakably as the diminishing glory of autumn forged into one shade speaking for the creativity of God and man which cannot be squelched.

Artist—Dick Madden

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EDITORIAL

In the fall edition of the 1966 **Ivy Leaves**, the staff has endeavored to give back to Anderson College in published form, the best of its creativity in poetry, prose, and illustrative art.

What has been published here is only representative of the many manuscripts submitted. We encourage those students whose works were not published in this issue to continue interest in the literary arts. Many of the choices from manuscripts for acceptance were hard to determine.

We appreciate the efforts of all involved in helping the **Ivy Leaves'** staff to share in the experience of a literary service to you.

Danny B. Collins



The Choice

You say that God is Dead
And this may well be true;
But if you insist it's true;
Then He's surely dead to you.

But if I say the Creator lives
Then of the two you can choose;
But if you still insist on death
Then I assume you have nothing to lose.

C. Walter Belcher

Homesickness Is A Horrible Sensation

When the word homesick is mentioned I recall a humorous experience I had while in the early phase of Navy boot camp. It took two weeks for our first mail to arrive, and long before these two weeks were over, I would have given a month's pay for a letter from home. Finally after much wail and woe, grumbling and groaning, we received our first mail. We had just finished a grueling day in the broiling sun. We had marched, sweated, wished we had never joined the Navy, cursed our blisters, watched with a wishful eye every plane overhead, and generally been made to feel as if the situation were hopeless and that we would never see the outside again.

After reading my letter for the second time, I noticed a buddy's trembling hands holding a picture of a small boy and a dog. I reached over in a fatherly manner and put my hand on his shoulder. "Hayden, you'll get to see your brother again," I assured him. As he turned I saw big, red, glistening eyes blinking at me. When he could stand it no longer, a big tear rolled down his sunburned cheek. With the back of his hand he brushed it aside, bit his lip and sobbed, "Moore, I sure do miss that ole dog."

Michael K. Moore

The Aura Is Gone

We walk in the tender bowels of the virtuous
As the suffering suffer
And tread our paths of the pretended righteous.
Under the grate of a roasting Bull we hover
While our mottos pass from shattered skulls
Of shredded crying soldiers.
Others pray for a next meal
While politicians theorize about controlled death
And aren't surely sure of the almighty seal.
Where dissected humanity lies
The Creator of which is conveniently
Festooned over the maze.
To the merging of heaven and graves
Two-toned humanity lie down as slaves
Misled in the faint cry of wellbred circumstance.
Statistics in history emerges itself.
Greed making names
Adding men's golden labels
To a manurous heap rotting in the stable.
And rusty power pales cry out for filling,
Just one last time
From the shadowy well and its life line
A nation trips, others hide and snicker
Waiting for the new owner of the silver dipper
To take his place beside a condescending well
Smiling out of richly sagging cheeks and dripping chin.
By boat, or plane, or foot he'll lend
Men to grind their brains, distill their bodies
While prestige plays its follies.
Mind after mind, nation and nation
Drink from the poisoned generation
Till the cultured goat of the hill
Lets his pipe tangle in a rusty beard
And from his dripping infected face
Smoke and ashes curl about his head.
And gagging, he chokes his race distinctly dead.

D. Byron Collins

Transformation

The fog has come. The trees, the sidewalks, the grass are gray. The leaves were once beautiful shades of warm yellow, bright orange, and soothing brown. Now they hang limply from the trees as if in mourning for their lost colors.

The fog brings silence. The birds do not sing—they look hungrily for food in the dew-laden grass. The dew does not sparkle with sunlight this morning. The fog is hiding the warm sun. Half-hidden human forms move stealthily through the half light. The sidewalk is cold and wet. Lights shine dimly through windows covered with moisture.

Now the world becomes gradually lighter. Objects regain their shape, and the air seems lighter. Colors again become bright, and the dew sparkles as the sun comes from hiding. Human forms become people and voices have owners.

The fog is gone.

Connie Mahaffey

Pebbles

I'm a pebble smooth and round.
I'm a child who's smile is bright.
I'm never a person, but rather a clown
To the weeping world that loves the night.

Yea, a clown, though never a man;
For the world they laugh all they can,
And never see how much they need,
And never see how much they bleed.

Yea, bleed and wither is what they do
In the noon-day sun that fills the sky
With light and love that covers all
Who see the birds and refuse to die.

Yes, the birds like angels are
Circling now, then flying far
To where their world is midst the calm—
That shelter in the mountains yon.

Mountains true and tall and wide
Who shelter all who live inside
Its walls of rock that pierce the earth
Giving to joy and love their birth.

True word, that birth that tells us how
To live again in spite of pain
That wrecks our souls and makes us bow
To the thundering clouds who bring the rain.

Oh rain that falls on us all,
Who is he who's made the fall
From the sea of stars in crowning glory
To a living hell that's a different story?

The stars are pebbles in the sky,
Though to be a star is to surely die.
Our birth comes only when we fall,
For only then do we see at all.

I'm a pebble smooth and round.
I'm a child who's smile is bright.
I'm a person but never a clown
To the other pebbles in the night.

Hank Roberts

Disappointment

The boy with hair of the night, and face like the moon.
Is going to the rim of the end, the end of his imagination.
Where one is completely lost, is lost in his own mind;
And to think — he was my friend.

Richard Beckham



An Observation

It is eleven o'clock. I sit and wait for inspection. Everything is in place; even scattered pennies have been carelessly thrown into an open drawer.

An elderly Negro man is seen rounding the curve in the road outside my window. He walks with the limp of a wounded sparrow. His coat and pants are too large for him and they hang loosely on his light frame. The leather of his shoes is worn and twisted out of shape. His hat is ruffled and smeared with the stains of sweat. The stick he carries touches the earth at regular intervals. As the old man moves slowly onward, he carefully scans the ground on both sides of the road. Suddenly it happens! His pace is quickened as he crosses the road. He kneels slightly to strike violently with his stick at a Coke bottle to move it within reach. The bottle is fondled as it is placed in the coat with several others. It will bring three meaningful pennies at the corner store.

The man continues on until he is out of sight and lost but to memory.

I wait for inspection.

Jud Busbee

Morpheus

Fog envelops the foliage of May,
Darkness spells the doom of day,
Ozymondias has fallen into the dust,
So was it with them, so will it be with us.

Jean L. Wise

The Rain Forest

The splendor of the ancient rain forest I felt,
As I watched the sunshine fall and melt
Into pools of greys and greens and such
Mosses that looked like uncommon felt.

The air was so thick I could reach out and touch
Each fibre it wove and it wove so much
That I knew each heart that felt it must know
That it had its birth in Eden or such.

Towards evening I sensed the trumpets play low,
Signaling the day to hurry and go
To where the night sleeps in peace
Waiting to hold the world I know.

Night falls like a curtain in an actor's play,
Signaling the time for the close of the day
And spreading out far as the eye can see
Heavens of light from another day.

How frightening and lonely it is to be
Sitting alone under a tree—
Bitter from pain you can yet feel—
Crying because you cannot see.

You ask yourself, can this be real?
You ask yourself, what's this I feel?
You ask yourself, am I alone?
Your sleep melts tears which no longer feel.

You wake from your slumber no longer alone,
Your head on the lap of a friend unknown.
The forest is there but you're free of its clutch,
For you're free when you're loved and no longer alone.

Hank Roberts

My World

My world knows but little
Sadness.
I know nothing of how
Hunger hurts.
I am loved.
Yes,
Never have I been alone!
Except . . .
Within . . .
Myself.

Tommy Thomason

Angel Tears

Rain, gentle rain.
drop, rain drop.
Rain, gentle rain.
down on rooftop.
Rain is so much pain
only, Angel tears in vain.

C. Walter Belcher



The Night Wind

The night wind swishing
Under the stars,
Moving along,
Shifts fallen leaves.
The cold chill of the wind
Left behind with me.

Roving over the hill
And through the rocky mounts,
It moves along to be forgotten:
Swishing, shifting, fading.
This thing man may never know:
The moments of the wild night wind.

Charles D. Jones

My Own World

I am alone in the world of my own thoughts. I am alone in the universe of my own mind and soul. Through words I can express some of my thoughts and feelings, but for my deepest feelings — the ones I would like to express—there are no words. No one else can feel my joy or suffer my pain or taste my regret.

You say you would come, and then I would not be alone? No, you cannot come into my mind and soul, nor can I come into yours. We are both alone — each in our own world and separated by a sea of misunderstanding.

Connie Mahaffey

You have a pebble in your shoe.
I have a crossbar on my shoulder.
The world goes on—
it has many feet and arms.

Morris

The Child in All of Us



No matter what our age or station in life there is hidden from the sight of others, sheltered with tender care in our hearts the part of us which shall never grow up — the child that lives in all of us. For all our hiding, we will inevitably stand exposed—revealing the beauty and innocence of our dreams, and those who behold us in this state are not unlike the mother who hears two little children beneath her window sill discussing the miracles of the world.

Two heads were bent close together, a smooth dusty brownette and a towheaded blonded. From their voices I could tell that the brown eyes were firm and serious; the blue, were wide with awe as I heard one say:

"We went to the mountains yesterday, 'Lisbeth. Have you ever been there?"

A shake of blond hair.

"It's very pretty. God made he mountains and the trees and the leaves and everything . . ."

"Yeah, he made my goldfish, too," sighed 'Lisbeth.

"Do you know how he made the mountains?"

Another shake of the towed head.

"One day God went for a walk and everywhere He stepped there was a valley and the rest were the mountains. Sometimes He ran and jumped and then He would lie down and sleep."

"Teresa, I wish we could run and play with God. We could help him make mountains." 'Lisbeth's eyes were solemn.

"You know what else?" Teresa said turning and standing with hands on her hips. "When the wind blows God is whispering and if you listen very hard, He may tell you a secret!"

"Yeah, He talks to me in the wintertime at my window. But I'm scared when it thunders and lightnings"

"I'm not! It's just God. He claps His hands together and His eyes sparkle. That's all."

"But," said 'Lisbeth softly, "when it rains, that's because God is crying!"

I stepped back from the window and lost myself in my own questions about life. Soon I saw the two figures racing across the lawn in a wild chase, their conversation forgotten.

Two girls on a piano bench, two businessmen at lunch, two housewives talking over a fence were once two heads bent close together beneath a window sill. The child is still within us, and there lies our beauty and human dignity.

Tinka White

A Part

The shadows deepen, cold and blue,
And though a thousand miles ashore,
I seem to hear the ocean's roar
For I am yet a part of you.

A part of you I shall remain;
But you are of the sand and shell
And pounding waves that foam and swell,
O salt and sea, of wind and rain.

And now I pray you understand
That though of you I am a part,
We cannot truly blend in heart,
For I am of the sun and land.

Jonathan Youmans

Haiku

Japanese verse containing three lines of five, seven, and five syllables respectively to create a vivid image.

The mute pink of dawn
swirled in feathery white clouds—
a spring bride enters.

Browns, golds, fading greens,
cheers, bonfires, children in leaves—
autumn comes singing.

Fingertips of color
stretching from beds of deep blue
surge to splendor-dawn.

tinka

Silence

Most of nature's miracles are wrought in silence. Men create noise and confusion. Sunbeams fall silently, yet from these beams come a great source of power and energy. Gravitation is silent, yet everything is held in place by this great force. Dew falls silently, but refreshes and gives new life to everything it touches. The thunder peal does not contain the electric energy, but the silent flash of lightning does.

The heart breaks silently and quickly for those in love, and tears, like raindrops, fall silently down the cheek.

Carolyn McKain

A smile is like a boomerang—
unless it cripples, it always returns . . .

Morris



The Vital Cord

Except for the muffled clattering of the dishes, everything is quiet. The whole structure seems to be perfectly still. But there is something menacing about this lack of noise. It's not unlike the silence before a great battle — a certain air of dreaded expectancy looming over the battlefield. The inhabitants know the silence will be broken into the merciless peals of war. And they are meditating or praying or speechless or just waiting.

Years ago, June used to wait. Through experience, she washes the dishes and tries to make noise. It is barely audible in the rest of the house, but she can hear it and she wants to hear it. She's the only real inhabitant of the house; the last of the living DeLanies.

Emmett Wadsworth DeLanie was one of the proudest men alive when Emmett, Jr., joined the Army. Emmett, Sr.'s, father had served under Teddy Roosevelt and he had been in the First World War and, now, his son was stationed somewhere in the South Pacific. The old man used to stay at the taven all day bragging about his son. He was convinced that they didn't have a chance without Emmett Wadsworth DeLanie, Jr.

June, on the other hand, wasn't quite so excited as her brother. She saw nothing exhilarating in the feat of human beings killing each other. Neither was she ashamed, but still, she felt Emmett was being too overt with his pride.

She had come home from Church one day to find the old man sitting on the front porch with a somewhat absent expression on his face. A telegram was lying in his lap. She read the contents.

For a long time they stared at each other until she said, "That's just ter--terrible."

"What?" For the first time since she had read the telegram he spoke. "It's terrible? What's terrible about the fact that my son's coming home?"

"Yes . . . he's coming home." Her eyes became red with emotion. "His everlasting home of streets paved in gold, home to his marble palace, built to last for all eternity, home — as some poet once put it — home from the hill."

"What in th' world's wrong with you? You talk like he's dead or somethin'. This thing says he'll be coming home any day now. Probably on the 6 p.m. Special."

"What?" she glared unbelievably at him. "It says he'll be doing what?"

She re-read the note; it clearly stated that he had been killed. Looking up at him, she was once again shocked into silence.

He looked older, weaker. His eyes were bloodshot, with tiny blue veins protruding on his brow. What had once been hints of lines were now the permanent creases of age. And worst of all, his expression was still distant, meaningless, slightly deluded. There was something missing, some small, necessary cord missing. And she was shocked when she realized that that little, seemingly insignificant thing was irreplaceable yet vital. Without that, every other asset in life was useless.

No one ever said a word to June about her brother — not orally, anyhow. But everyone said something with their looks. The family friends gave passionate, understanding smiles. Sympathetic, wrought pitying expressions; yet they were also utterly helpless.

For a long time afterwards, June would awaken blessed without the burden of memory. Things would seem the way they had always been and she would feel the way she had always felt. Sometimes this breach in reality would continue until breakfast was prepared and the haggard shell of Emmett would enter the room. His greeting was always, "Today. Today he'll be coming home. So have something good for the boy to eat."

The result of that would be a cold chill creeping across her back. Realization of the inevitable . . . discovering something you already know all too well. Remembering that life is one big practical joke and that you are caught in a trap like a rat.

Now she wakes up knowing, goes to bed knowing, even sleeps knowing. Now she can no longer hide.

Her dish-washing is about half over when she hears it. The sound of heavy, dragging footsteps . . . The creaking of protestation . . . The opening of the door. Sometimes she pretends not to hear it. She continues washing the dishes, as if nothing has occurred. Eventually the apron will be removed and she will eagerly retrace his steps. Standing at the door, breathless, June sees the form of her brother standing at the road, facing the sun. Perhaps the sound of a car will be heard; at this sound his frame will seem to unbend and straighten out. And from the back, so June will think, he looks youthful . . . replenished, renourished . . . youth renewed. But the car always goes on by and once again he slouches into the pit of old age.

The remainder of the evening is spent in gloom. A kind of misery is emanated from him. It affects June; she, too, feels this black veil.

Years have passed since the arrival of that fateful telegram. Sometimes it seemed as though it had only been yesterday; but she knew it had been years. Time had lost its meaning. Life was no longer measured by hours; instead, it was denoted by sunsets. Every sunset on the sunset he would go outside to meet his son — like a type of koo-koo clock, coming out of its hibernation every hour—he came out every sunset.

"Now," she said to herself, "right now, for the first time, I'll talk to him. Really talk to him. I'll say . . ."

What could she say? What does one say to a man with this particular kind of affliction? How does one with the feeble mind? Through common sense? No, he was like a spoiled child — selfish, headstrong, incommunicable. However, there is one way to get around a small child and that is through discipline.

He was sitting in his usual chair by the parlor window, staring at the faded wall when she entered the room. She opened her mouth to speak and temporarily faltered. She felt she couldn't. For the first time, she would say something to him relevant to reality.

"Emmett."

He looked at her.

"What are you doing?" He looked at her, but didn't really see her. "Why aren't you in the kitchen fixing supper?" Ought to be . . . boy'll be hungry . . . after all these years . . .

"Yes, Emmett, all these years."

"What d'you mean by that? It's only been four."

"Four? Fourteen, Emmett. It's been fourteen years since you received that telegram saying your son was dead."

"What?" He was alarmed. "What did you—"

"I just said that your son has been dead for fourteen years. And you still have not accepted the fact that he is dead. Dead, Emmett!

You go out there—" she pointed toward the road, "every single day looking for someone who doesn't exist any more to come home!"

Walking over to him, she put her hands on either of his shoulders.

"You make this house like a tomb, Emmett. A miserable tomb, where we're miserable. Every day, you tell me to prepare a meal for a ghost. Ghosts don't eat, Emmett. They don't exist, either."

His expression was unchanged. She shook him briskly.

"If you ever go out to meet your son again, you'll live to regret it!"

With large eyes, he looked up to meet the determined eyes of his sister. He knew that she meant what she had said.

Once in the privacy of her bedroom, she collapsed on the bed in tears. Those words she had said, had been the most difficult task she had ever performed. He was only vaguely affected by her outburst, but she was genuinely affected. It had taken years out of her life, maybe even stars out of her crown . . . but it had been absolutely necessary. Discipline over reason.

That night, he had not stirred from his chair. The next afternoon, however, as she was finishing up dishes from supper — content for the first time, in what seemed, an eternity — when she heard the dragging sound of his footsteps. She dropped the dish, causing it to splatter over the kitchen floor, and hurried to the front hall. He was reaching for the door knob.

"Stop! Stop, Emmett Delanie! Don't you dare go out there. Remember what I said . . ."

He turned to her and said, "But, June, he's out there. I saw a cab let him out. I must see my son!"

"You fool," she hissed. "You fool! You know that's not possible!"

"June. June, I have been patient with you long enough. My sense of reason has completely worn out!"

"Sense of reason? You?" She laughed harshly. **You** have been patient with **me**? Oh God. Dear God! **He** has been patient with **me**! He is the sane and I the insane. Sure! I go out to the road every day at sunset and look for a dead person? Sure!"

Tears were streaming down his withered cheeks and she wished she had never been born. They were in each other's arms, crying, relieved, reunited. The front door opened. June's eyes became exceedingly large with terror. It was Emmett, Jr.

"I'm home," said the visage.

The old man unloosed his sister and went to his newly returned son. June backed away.

"What's for supper, Aunt June?"

"You." An understanding look passed between father and son, and she continued, "You can't do this! You can't do this! You can't do this!"

She ran out of the room.

He looked at his father and said, "Why, Father, why? I told you to before I left."

He sighed and looked down. "I realize now I should, but she seemed fine — until that telegram of yours got here a couple of years ago—and she is a good cook and my only sister and I do love her. Since she read the telegram she started acting up again, like the time Mary died. She was so quiet, too. But now since you are really home — you won't believe what she thought up in that mind of hers--"

Len Farmer



